

Epix Channel

# CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

The  
HARROWING  
Begins Here!

Clive Barker

John Rozum  
Bo Hampton

Malcolm Smith  
Anna Miller  
Fred Vicarel  
Alex Ross



HELLRAISER

introduced  
Clive Barker

**Taste The Darkness**

John Roarum

writer

Bo Hampton

artist

Richard Starkings

letterer

**The Harrowings Part One**

Resurrection

Clive Barker

story

Malcolm Smith

Anna Miller

Fred Victor

writers

Alex Ross

artist

Gaspard

letterer

introduced  
D.G. Chichester

Published every 30 weeks by Epic Comics, Office of *Epic Comics*,  
100 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10003.

© 1991 CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER.™ Book 179.

No part of this book may be quoted or reproduced in any substantial  
form without the express permission of  
Clive Barker and the publisher. The stories, characters and incidents  
within this book are entirely fictional. CLIVE BARKER'S

HELLRAISER.™ and THE HARROWINGS.™

(including all previous characters appearing in this book and the  
Hellraiser characters designed with the exception of the character  
WHILE JACK) are trademarks of Clive Barker. The character  
While Jack is the story "Taste the Darkness", and the Hellraiser  
characters listed are the trademarks of Epic Comics. ALL  
CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER.™ material

copyright © 1991 Clive Barker. All rights reserved. All other

material copyright © 1991 Epic Comics. All rights reserved.

\*Epic Comics is a registered trademark of Epic Comics.



## FOREWORD

The Devil, they say, has all the best tunes. Certainly his surrogates, as they live and breathe in the pages of the **Hellraiser** books, have a better repertoire of seductive songs and murderous melodies than the forces of good which occasionally attempt to resist them.

Pinhead and his cohorts have wandered through these tales with the arrogant air of creatures who are wise to every trick that humanity has up its sleeve, and are ready with their damnable reposts at every juncture. Very seldom does a soul slip through their fingers; and never, that I can remember, has a soul they have taken to Leviathan's corridors returned to the land of living. After all, who would dare those infernal depths, policed as they are by the Cenobitical clan?

The **Harrowers**, that's who. You're going to be meeting this team of soul-savers in the pages of upcoming **Hellraiser** books, and I hope their arrival excites you as much as it does me. I should say *return* rather than *arrival*, for though the individuals who will take up the grim task of snatching victims from under Leviathan's nose are fresh to the task, others have trodden the infernal path before them. These first Harrowers perished for their heroism, but the Goddess who inspired them — **Morte Mammee**, the Death Mother—is not so easily destroyed. She has risen again, and has called a doubting few to be her legion.

March with that legion, and you'll learn more about the workings of Hell than all the preceding tales — whether made for page or screen — have dared to tell. You'll enter the private hells of those whom Pinhead has ensnared; you'll encounter forms of evil barely whispered about. You may even take a step into the heart of Leviathan himself, a journey that will — I promise you — defy every expectation.

You'll have Harrowers for company on these journeys, of course, and you'll be glad of them. Maybe they can teach you to whistle a tune the Devil doesn't know. But I warn you, there aren't many.

Clive Barker  
Los Angeles, July 1992



John Roston  
writes  
Dan Hampton  
and  
Richard Starkings  
illustrate

# Taste the Darkness

WELL, THAT'S A RATHER SIMPLY FIED WAY OF PUTTING IT, BUT THAT'S PRETTY MUCH IT.

I ... I'M NOT A DRUNK. THE TERM IS... WHISTLY CONSTRUCTIVE DEPRESSION ALONE. I'M A CENOBIITE, OF THE ORDER OF THE DARK, THEO LOGAN, AND SERVANT OF LEVIATHAN.

DO YOU REALIZE HOW CRAZY THIS ALL SOUNDS?

IT'S A PROBLEM THAT HAS TO DO WITH YOUR LIVING IN A TIME OF REFLEXIVE SKEPTICISM AND ATHEISM. IT SOUNDED A LITTLE BEARD TO ME AS WELL, BUT I WAS MADE TO... UNDERSTAND.

AS  
WILL  
YOU.







SORRY, I'M OUT OF ICE

THAT'S FINE



NO, I CAN'T REALLY GIVE YOU ANY OF THOSE.

I WAS THINKING MORE ALONG THE LINES OF PLEASURE LIKE YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN IMMORTALITY, THE HEIGHTENING OF YOUR SENSES...

THE ABILITY TO ~~LOSE~~ THE DARKNESS TO HEAR THE HEARTBEAT OF A BUTTERFLY TO SEE MUSIC, POETIC STUFF LIKE THAT.

AND YOU CAN REALLY GIVE ME ALL THAT?

WELL, NOT ME PERSONALLY, BUT...



THANKS ANTHONY...

... BUT I'LL PASS.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I HAVE TO TAKE SOME ONE BACK WITH ME.



HOW ABOUT IF YOU TAKE MY LANDLORD INSTEAD?

IF HE'S HEARDEN?



I DON'T THINK

IT'S NOT REALLY AS BAD AS YOU MAKE IT OUT TO BE. OUR ENTIRE IDIOLOGY CENTERS AROUND ORDER AND STRUCTURE.



THE PERFECT BALANCE BETWEEN MIND AND BODY, PAIN AND PLEASURE.

ALMOST A TEN-YANG PHILOSOPHY EXCEPT THERE IS NO ROOM FOR CHAOS OR ASTRIDE.





WON'T  
YOU  
GET  
INTO  
TROUBLE  
FOR  
THIS?



PROBABLY, BUT THERE'S A LOT TO BE SAID FOR PAUL. BECAUSE, I'D BE LYING TO YOU IF I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WE EVER LET GO.



THE LEADER OF MY  
ORCHESTRA HAD A PARTICULAR  
FONDNESS FOR ONE  
WOMAN ABOUT YOUR AGE  
SHE KEPT TURNING UP,  
AND HE LET HER  
GO FIRST.

I'LL TAKE  
THESE  
THEY'RE MY  
PANTS!



YOU KNOW, FOR  
SOMEONE FROM  
HELL, YOU'RE A  
PRETTY NICE GUY  
WHEN I'M BACK. NO  
EXACTLY WHAT  
I'D CALL  
A GUY



THAT'S A  
JEWED-CHRISTIAN  
BELIEF. IN REALITY,  
WE'RE NOT UNLIKE  
MOST PEOPLE.

PEOPLE  
TO SOME,  
ANGELS TO OTHERS  
TO CURE A  
DISEASE



NO TOWERS  
REALLY LEFT  
ANY

FOR NOW,  
THE REST IS UP  
TO YOU. THERE IS A  
LOT OF POTENTIAL IN  
YOU. SHAPING DEVELOP  
IT. GROWING. GROWING.



THINK  
DON'T  
LOOK AND  
HATE.



THE END

THE ENTIRE  
JOCKEY IS...

THE  
CUSTOM-MADE...

...HUFFY...

HUNDREDS OF  
MILES HAVE COME  
AND GONE BUT  
THE SUFFERING  
OF THE HORSE  
CANNOT BE  
FORGOTTEN IN  
THE MIND...

EVERY DAY,  
THE HORSE  
TOO HAS A NEW  
NAME...

...YES...

THE HORSE  
TODAY IS...

...YES...

MASSACRE.

Demons!

ACTING.

GORGE YOURSELVES BY GENTLE ME TO. CHED YOUR OWN AND SPROUT YOUR CORNOL WINGS...

...AND

1000

Figure 1

RMBBBB KKKRRRAAK

**NEW! 2007-2008**  
**2007-2008**  
**2007-2008**  
**2007-2008**  
**2007-2008**

THEY' SHD APOLOGIZE...



**SHIPPING WITH  
THE POWER OF A  
P. 888**





SUPPOSED  
THAT OUR  
BOARDING  
HADN'T  
GOTTEN  
OFF BY  
MIDNIGHT



2007  
2008

HOW COULD ALL YOUR  
MOST PRECIOUS THINGS  
GET TO LOSE HIM AND  
END WHEN NOBODY'S  
EVEN ASKING YOU  
HOW ABOUT?



TELL ME, WOULD I  
HATE A LACK OF CHANCE  
TO GET RIGHT NOW  
THIS IS THE ANSWER



POOR BABY!  
DID THAT ARMY COL  
EAT COLLAGE FOR  
TEAR TO MEAT?



YOU MAY BE A LITTLE  
CRACKED, BUT YOU'RE  
STILL HOLDING IT TO-  
GETHER... THAT LIFE



HELP FROM  
I DON'T KNOW  
FULTON IN REAR  
WITHOUT HOW  
FULTON IN REAR



GOOD LORD!  
IN THE DOME  
CRACKED  
THE



HOPE IT DON'T  
SHAM YOUR I  
DON'T FUDGE

# THE HARROWING: PART ONE RESURRECTION









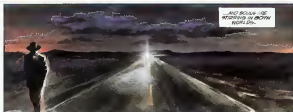
How...

WHEEL ALL  
WHEEL THE  
CALL TO  
ACTION.

THE DECADE THAT BATTLED  
THE EARTH HAS  
REVERSED! THROUGH  
CUT LE WARDMAN'S  
DOWNWON...

WHEELS WHEEL  
WHEEL WHEELS

WHEELS WHEEL  
WHEEL WHEELS



...AND BOW THE  
WHEELS IN BOW  
WHEELS...



WHEEL WHEEL  
WHEEL WHEELS

WHEEL

WHEELS









HEY, DR. HENDERSON! **WHEAT**  
**HOOPER** RECALCULATES: THE TACITON  
 WITH A LOSS OF 2.50.

I'M NOT  
 HURRYING,  
 IT'S  
 BEEN 10  
 DAYS.

HELP  
 ME!

**Mydette.**

RUN ON  
 THE LEVEL!

FOCUS!

THANKS, DUNLIN. IT WAS GETTING PRETTY HOT.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, NOW IT'S TIME TO LIVE TO SAME YEAHS. GET YOURSELF A HATCH, AND TO JUMP IN. ANYBODY HAVE AN EGG?

JMS



A SWAG, RIGHT ABOVE  
ROCKY, KILLER.

Autopsy



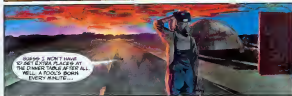
CRAW, BABY!  
IT'LL BE FINE  
ONCE YOU BRUSH  
THE TEFZ GARY  
YOUR TEFZ!  
DON'T LOOK  
DOWN!

IF YOU FALL OFF  
A HEARD YOU  
GOTTA GET  
RIGHT BACK ON!  
THIS AIN'T NO  
ACROSS, BUT...



... YOU GOTTA  
KNOW IT TO  
YOURSELF  
JUST THE  
GANE.

Look  
Suck.



ROCKY'S GONNA HAVE  
TO GET EXTRA PLACES AT  
THE DINNER TABLE AFTER ALL  
HELL. A ROCK'S BORN  
EVERY MUTE...



AGE 16+

WE'VE  
GOT OVERLEAFED  
A LITTLE PROBLEM.  
LEAF-GROWING  
NOW, AND WANTS  
TO HAVE SOME  
FUN!

ERES NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS  
Nos DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS













WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE WAS UNDER IT?

IT LOOKS LIKE A JACKET OF SORTS, BUT NOT THE ONE TYPE - THERE'S NO PLACE FOR A WICK!



THAT POOR BACKBETTER HAD HIS HANDS CUT OFF!



AND THERE ARE ALWAYS SCARS IN HERE!

THERE IS WHERE THE DOOR IS COMING FROM! A DOOR THEY WOULD NOT WANT ANYONE TO FIND!



THAT MAKES NOW OBVIOUS WHY THEY WERE TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE!

NOW IF WE WORK TOGETHER MAYBE WE CAN SUCCESS WHERE THEY FAILED!



WHAT MAKES YOU THE EXPERT? MAYBE THEY DID SOLVE THE PUZZLE AND REALIZED THEY RELEASED SOMETHING THEIR HANDS AND FEET!

IF YOU DON'T IN QUIT, ILL NEVER YOUR PROGRAM HIND!

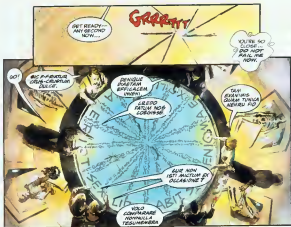
ORAK DUBIN TELL US WHAT TO DO.

WHEN THE TWO ARROWS TOUCH, YOU EACH MUST SPEAK THE LATEST PHRASE THAT'S DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF YOU.



I...I...CAN'T READ THAT!

Just Repeat it Out Loud as Best as You Can.







FORGODSSE, JAC, WE CAN'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING.



WHY DO YOU GET TO STAND ON MY FEET?

BECAUSE I'M OLDER.



THIS HAND-PRINT JUST GOT SMALLER TO FIT MY HAND!

WHEN GOT BIGGER?



LISTEN TO ME, WHO'D TO SAY THAT WE'RE NOT FALLING INTO THE SAME TRAP THAT KILLED THESE GUYS? I'VE SAID WE GET OUTTA HERE, NOW!

WELL YOU THINK IT'S A CONSPIRACY THAT WE'VE JUST TRIPPED UP HERE?

WE'VE BEEN CHASED FOR SOMETHING.



HERE NOW! NOTHING! MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID THAT PEEP PEEP-PEEP WOULD BE THE DEATH OF ME!

AND... I'VE BEEN HERE FOR A LONG TIME.



THE WHOLE SCENE OF THE SCENE!

WE'RE STANDING LIKE A TOY!



I THINK I'M GOING TO SQUAT!

WELL, IT'S ALL ABOUT BACK IN OUR FACES!

WROOHHH

FREEDOM AT LAST!

They stand in awe--  
each around a  
different aspect  
of the goddess.





I HAVE BEEN TRAPPED HERE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

FROM YOU, I CAN SEE HOW DISRUPTED THE WORLD HAS BECOME.

ALL OF YOU ARE SO MISLEADING WITH YOUR LIES...

YOU'VE BEEN PROTECTING MY CHILDREN...

...WITHOUT REAL PURPOSE OR PURPOSE.

ALL OF THAT IS ABOUT TO CHANGE.



HOLY SHIT! I CAN HEAR HIS VOICE... BUT HIS LIPS AREN'T MOVING!

LOVED, SHE LOOKS LIKE OUR GRAND-MOTHER.

THAT'S REMINDING OF THE DARK GODS THAT CHASED US HERE.



THERE IS MUCH TO TELL YOU, BUT WHEN YOU SOLVED THE PUZZLE AND REVEALED THAT YOU ALSO SUMMONED ONE OF MY ENEMIES, THE GENOCHITES...

...EVIL CREATURES FROM AWEIL THAT SERVE THE LORD OF DARKNESS AND DEATH, LEVIATHAN.

I'M AFRAID THEY'RE WAITING UP ABOVE.

BE WARY, MY DARK BROTHER LEVIATHAN'S ADVISORY CAN BE TRICKY. HE USED THAT LANTERN YOU FOUND TO LOCK MY SCARF AWAY FROM ME IN TO THE DARK CONTAINMENT.



BUT ALL THAT  
IS BEHIND US  
NOW.

ADAM  
YOU'VE GOT THIS.

TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS—  
AND THESE TOOLS WILL  
DO SELF-INSTRUCTING...



WEAPONS CHARGED WITH  
MY LIFE-POWER.

**ALICE RAYNER**

HIGHLY! /  
YOU FELT THAT  
GOD, HAD THIS IT?

THREE THINGS  
SEEM LIKE THEY'RE  
ALL TRUE!



IF YOU DON'T KNOW THEN  
YOU PROBABLY HAVE THE  
LARGEST WEAPON.

IN A PROPORTION, I'M A LITTLE  
I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND ANY OF  
THIS...

KNOW THIS MY CHILDREN,  
GOD'S POWER CAN ONLY  
BE FELT, AND THE ONLY WAY  
TO FEEL IT IS  
THROUGH POWERFULNESS!

WHAT DOES  
POWERFULNESS  
MEAN?





WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS? LASSO THE CONCRETE?

WE'LL BE DONE! ACCORDING TO THE BOOK, WE'RE ON A DEAD END!

WOULD ONE OF YOU LIKE OUR ROPE?

I'M FEELING QUICKER BLADE. HAPPIER MUCH TO ME!



AM I THE ONLY ONE THAT KNOWS WHAT CONCRETES ARE?

WE'RE ABOUT TO GO UP AGAINST DEMONS FROM HELL!

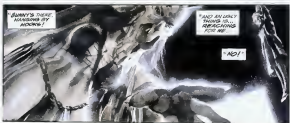
YOUR HARD HAT IS OVER. DOUBLED-ABOUT THREE -- NO MORE!



SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME! I'M... I'M FEELING TERRIBLE!



I'M IN THE MUSEUM, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT... ALL BLUE, WITH A DREAM...



SUNNY'S THERE, AGAINST MY MINDS!

AND ANOTHER THING IS... REPRESSING FROM ME!

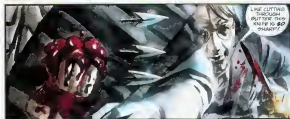
"NO!"

















MARTY: I THOUGHT YOU  
WEREN'T A FIGHTER!

I'M NOT-- BUT  
IN CERTAIN  
SITUATIONS--

I'VE BEEN  
KNOWN TO MAKE  
EXCEPTIONS



I'VE HEARD OF  
HUNT MEN-- BUT...

WHEN COULD I DO  
THIS??

TEST YOUR OWN  
ABILITY, YOUR  
WILLPOWER, AND  
SEE HOW FAR  
YOU CAN GO



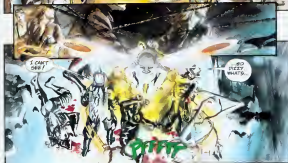
NOT ONLY THE  
ONLY THING I'M  
GONNA HAVE  
HANGING AROUND  
TO PICK AT



POFFIT

THEY'RE DOING FINE  
WITHOUT US, AREN'T  
THEY? NOW WE'VE  
GOTTEN THEM  
CLEARED, WE'LL MAKE A  
RUN FOR IT

WHAT'S THAT  
SMELL?





WANT A  
HYPERNOID  
DEMONSTRATION  
OF LITTLE  
HOWIE I  
THINK  
LOVE FEELS  
SO YOUR  
HANDS



USE  
YOUR  
NEW  
POWER!

KIKKKKZZZZ



LOOK! THEY  
CAN'T MOVE!

KIKKKKZZZZ

GOING ON EVERYBODY!  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I  
DO BUT I DON'T THINK  
IT'S GOING TO LAST

I'LL  
GET THE  
HEADS!

I'M A  
LIFE  
SIZE  
MODEL!



ANYBODY  
GOT SHAWING  
ARM? I'M  
RUNNING OUT  
OF SHIT!

YOU'RE NOT LEAVING  
THE PARTY WITHOUT  
YOUR OTHER HALF!



CHOK





WAS YOU  
ARRIVED  
ME?

WELL, CANE SAITS  
NATURALLY TO SEE  
DON'T IT?

WELL,  
YOU  
ALL  
RIGHT?

I'LL LIVE,  
BUT I DON'T  
GET THEM  
ANYMORE  
POWERS  
THAT COM  
OUT

LOOKS LIKE MORE BLOOD  
HAVE EACH OF US A JOE  
PAINFUL? MAY BE PAINFUL  
WELL, SURELY...

THAT'S ACTING LIKE  
WORKING  
A PAPER?

ANYMORE  
TRICKS UP  
YOUR  
SLEEVE?

IT LOOKED LIKE YOU'VE  
BEEN IN FIGHTS BEFORE  
YOU WERE FEARLESS



WE SHOULD GET  
YOU TO A HOSPITAL

SO THEY CAN  
TAKE ME UP AND  
SHIP ME BACK  
TO MICHIGAN?  
NO, NO!

AND  
LEAVE  
MY  
NEW  
FAMILY?



I DO FEEL BETTER  
LIKE WE'VE **SHIPPED**  
IN SOME FANTASY  
FASHION

I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN  
FIGHTING  
BUT WHEN WE  
DO, WE'RE  
SURE  
SOMEHOW

WELL, LIKE WE  
WERE **READY**  
TO DO IT



WOW, I WAS  
ALREADY BATTERED,  
BUT AT LEAST  
WE ALL CAME  
OUT ALIVE



NOT  
NECESSARILY

THE HORROR BITCH  
TOOK BUNNY BACK TO  
HELL WITH HER, AND  
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT  
ANY OF YOU...



"...BUT I'M  
GOING  
AFTER  
THEM."

TO BE CONTINUED

©2000 DC COMICS



## AFTERWORD

This first of the tales of the Harrowers was written by three-fourths of a team collectively known as Zink Ink. They are Anna Miller, Malcolm Smith and Fred Vicarel. I have been working with them — and with their fourth member McNally Sagal — for a year, developing and honing these new adventures. The result will be a book devoted entirely to the Harrowers, which will be published in the early part of next year. I don't believe it could be in more perversely inventive hands.

There will be those amongst you, no doubt, crying shame! shame! folks who would prefer to see Hell's hordes go on with their temptations and damnations unopposed. To you, I say: watch carefully. This is not a battle Leviathan or it's generals will meet with a simple shrug. You will see a new fire in Hell's belly in the next few months; new venom in its machinations; new cruelty in its devices. You'll see new Cenobites too, raised from filth and blood and rage to snuff out this little hope before it reaches the ears of the damned.

Will the Harrowers flourish or perish? Only the coming tales will tell. But from now on, you may be certain that the Devil's tune will not be the only one echoing through Hell. Heroes and heroines are coming, their hearts beating to a drum as ancient as Leviathan.

And as powerful.

Clive Barker  
Los Angeles, July 1992



Clive Barker  
*creator/consultant*

D.G. Chalmers  
*executing editor*

Tom Derrang  
*artistic editor*

Mark McLoughlin  
*editor*

Carl Potts  
*executive editor*

Tom DeFino  
*editor in chief*

layouts and end piece illustrations by  
John Van Fleet

cover art by  
Alex Ross

The age of Leviathan's absolute rule is at  
an end.

Prepare for the coming of the goddess,  
Morte Mamme, imprisoned for  
centuries, now freed as mankind's final  
salvation against the hordes of hell. She  
will lead the seven, as the prophecies have  
foretold, as her Harrowers — into the  
depths of hell: as warriors, rebels,  
anarchists and heroes.

The Harrowing begins here. May She  
who dances go with you.

ISBN #0-87133-928-6

